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OF

MRS. RUTH C. GRAY

TRIBUTES

In Memory of

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TRIBUTE

BY MR. EUGENE FIELD.

I.

IT is my privilege to record upon these pages somewhat of a quiet, purposeful, earnest life. However ill qualified I may be for the noble task to which I apply myself with a certain melancholy pleasure, my environments at this time are all at least conducive to the sincerity and the enthusiasm which should characterize a work of this character.

A glorious panorama is spread before me, — such a picture as the latitude of Southern California presents at the time when elsewhere upon this continent of ours the resentment of winter is visited. All around me is the mellow grace of sunshine; roses, lilies, heliotropes, carnations, marigolds, nasturtiums, marguerites, and geraniums are abloom; and as

far as the eye can reach, the green velvet of billowing acres is blended with the passion of wild poppies; the olive, the fig, the orange, and the lemon abound; yonder a vineyard lies fast asleep in the glorious noonday; the giant rubber-trees in all this remarkable fairy-land are close at hand; and the pepper, the eucalyptus, the live-oak, and the palm are here and there and everywhere. A city is in the distance; the smoke that curls up therefrom makes dim, fantastic figures against the beautiful blue of the sky. There is toil in that place, and the din of busy humanity; but upon this far-away hillside, with the sweetest gifts of Nature about me, I care not for those things. I am soothed by the melodies of wild birds, and by the music of the gentle winds that come from the great white ocean beyond the valleys and the hills, away off there where ships go sailing.

The quiet beauty of these scenes recalls a time which, in my life, is so long ago that I feel strangely reverential when I speak of it. I find myself thinking of my boyhood, and of

the hills and valleys and trees and flowers and birds I knew when the morning of my life was fresh and full of exuberance. Those years were spent among the Pelham hills, very, very far from here; but memory o'erleaps the mountain ranges, the leagues upon leagues of prairie, the mighty rivers, the forests, the farming lands, — o'erleaps them all; and to-day, by that same sweet magic that instantaneously undoes the years and space, I seem to be among the Pelham hills again. The yonder glimpse of the Pacific becomes the silver thread of the Connecticut, seen, not over miles of orange-groves, but over broad acres of Indian corn; and instead of the pepper and the eucalyptus, the lemon and the palm, I see (or I seem to see) the maple once more, and the elm and the chestnut trees, the shagbark walnut, the hickory, and the birch. In those days, these rugged mountains of this south land were unknown to me; and the Pelham hills were full of marvel and delight, with their tangled pathways and hidden stores of wintergreen and wild strawberries. Furtive

brooks led the little boy hither and thither in his quest for trout and dace, while to the gentler-minded the modest flowers of the wild-wood appealed with singular directness. A partridge rose now and then from the thicket and whirred away, and with startled eyes the brown thrush peered out from the bushes. I see these pleasant scenes again, and I hear again the beloved sounds of old; and so with reverence and with welcoming I take up my task, for it was among these same Pelham hills that the dear lady of whom I am to speak was born and spent her childhood.

II.

Ruth Cutler Bacon was born at Enfield, Mass., on the 17th of October, 1828. She was the oldest of six children. Her mother was Emeline Cutler, born at Holliston, Mass., and related to the Adams and Littlefield families, of New England. Her father was Rufus Freeman Bacon, born at Brimfield, Mass., and his mother was a sister of

Nathaniel Dodge, famous in his time as an educator, and particularly as a disciplinarian. When the Merriam Brothers, of Springfield, first published their Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, two especially and elaborately bound copies were produced, — one as a gift to the British queen, and the other as a gift to Nathaniel Dodge, the publishers' old and revered instructor.

Ruth was named after her maternal grandmother; and she seems to have taken not only her name, but also very many of her most sterling qualities from her mother's side of the family. In her childhood she evinced those admirable characteristics which later in life won the regard and love of all who knew her. Even in youth she had high purposes; a valorous sincerity appeared in all she did; she was ambitious but patient, industrious but unostentatious, generous but frugal, just but sympathetic, — in fact, her whole life seems to have been an illustration of that type of New England womanhood which is great in its purity, its earnestness, its gentleness, and its valor.

Her personal appearance was prepossessing to the degree of beauty. She was *petite*, and of a trim figure; her complexion was clear, and she had rosy cheeks; her dark eyes were eloquent of expression, — in her youth these features were so distinctive that in her native village they called her Bright-Eyes. A fondness for, and indulgence in, out-of-door life contributed largely to the appearance of health, which gave to youth a special charm. She loved nothing else more than rambling over those Pelham hills to which my thoughts revert so tenderly to-day; communion with Nature, and the companionship of the woods, of flowers, of birds, of brooks, were precious to her; and her love for these things never forsook her. It is recalled, that after her marriage, accompanying her husband upon a professional journey into Louisiana, she spent much time collecting, analyzing, and classifying the flowers she found in vast abundance in that locality; and thus she renewed with enthusiasm her acquaintance with those botanical delights which were so considerable a part of her earlier life.

It is my opinion that the sense of duty is stronger in womankind than in us men; and in Ruth Bacon the sense of duty was at all times paramount. When, in 1837, a tidal wave of disaster swept over the country, involving our manufacturing industries in ruin, Ruth saw in her father's business failure not only an opportunity, but a duty. The girl seems to have determined then to be a help to that father; and from that time, — remember, she was only nine years of age, — from that time, I say, she seems to have pursued quietly and determinedly the highest purpose in human life, — the purpose of *helping*. They had moved to Warren; and it was here, somewhat later, that Ruth professed religion, and joined the Congregational Church, whose pastor at that time was the Rev. George Trask. In the faith and in the teachings and in the ministrations of this church she lived and died, faithful through all and to the end.

Her education continued at Quaboag Academy, of which institution the principal then

was Stephen Pearl. This gentleman had subsequently a career which I must tell somewhat of. He went to New Orleans, and served as superintendent of the public schools; but upon the breaking out of the Civil War, he abandoned the profession of pedagogue, and espoused that of a soldier. In due time he was appointed provost-marshal, at Nashville; and in that capacity he acquitted himself creditably. On one occasion he sallied out at the head of a body of Federal soldiers, and engaged a detachment of the Confederates with such success that the enemy surrendered; and, lo and behold! Provost-Marshal Pearl's own son was in command of the Confederate force; and he it was who gave up his sword into the hands of his patriotic father!

Having been graduated from Quaboag Academy, Ruth Bacon taught the district school at Warren, for one summer, and then went to Southbridge Academy as assistant to Mr Stone, who afterward became superintendent of schools in Massachusetts. She was then only seventeen years old, but she was full

of ambition and determination. She looked ever forward and upward. It was about this time that there came to her notice a newspaper account of the scheme which Catherine Beecher had conceived, of organizing and sending out into the West parties of young women, to serve as school-teachers. The scheme appealed instantaneously to this young girl for sympathy. Again she saw herein an opportunity and a duty. Her course lay westward; this conviction hugged her heart, and prayer strengthened it. So she spoke to her father of it. Very properly he discouraged, nay, he forbade, her associating herself with the enterprise. I say "very properly," for it is the father's nature to keep his dear ones with him; and this daughter was very dear to him, and she was a help and a solace to him; and God knows it is hard to part with such a one! But Ruth wrought her end in her own quiet way; and presently, when her father saw how her heart was set upon it, and how she had come to this purpose prayerfully, he relented (as any other good father

would have done); and so she had her way, with her father's consent and blessing.

Having attended a course of Miss Beecher's lectures, at Hartford, Ruth started, in 1847, with a party of young women for the West. It is difficult for us nowadays to understand the hardships of travel in those times; we should rebel if those hardships were put on us. Ill-ventilated, cramped, and jostling railway cars, awkward stage-coaches, and overcrowded steamboats were the penalties that fell to the lot of the traveller forty-five years ago. But when the young heart is filled with the enthusiasm of a noble purpose, mountains are molehills, and tribulation is sweet.

They reached St. Louis in due time. In the party was a Miss Susan Jones. Some years previous she had met in Alabama a young man of the name of Gray, who, as she had learned, was now practising law in St. Louis. She determined to call upon him, and she asked Miss Bacon to accompany her; but Ruth declined, thus dismissing, without even a passing regret, an opportunity of meeting

the gentleman who subsequently became her husband.

From St. Louis Miss Bacon proceeded to Fort Madison, Iowa; and there she located as teacher of the district school. It was a new country then, — new and wild. But there were charming folks there, even then as now, and they took kindly to the bright, pretty, sweet girl who had come into the wilderness with a noble purpose in her brave heart. Among the ladies who were good to her was she who afterward became wife to Mr. Justice Miller, of the United States Supreme Court; this lady felt that Ruth's place was in a sphere higher and broader than a pioneer settlement, and she told Ruth so. Perhaps it was by the counsel of this excellent lady, — perhaps it was simply the natural forward step in a course calmly, wisely, and prayerfully thought out and planned by the dutiful girl; at any rate, in the due course of time, Miss Bacon became convinced that her path lay in a less circumscribed field. It is evident from a perusal of her journals that from the beginning of her school life, she had

no other ambition dearer than that of becoming a successful teacher. In one of these modest records of her busy, purposeful life, I find these words: "How weak and frail a creature I am! I ever doubt my own sufficiency and talents for the achievement of the great and noble goal which I strive to attain, — that of being a competent and successful teacher; and if I ever do reach the desired height, it will all be owing to the assistance of divine power. Oh, may God give me grace and strength for whatever station I may occupy!" She was seventeen years of age when she wrote those words; and that prayer for grace and strength was my dear friend's prayer through all her life.

Her friendships in Fort Madison were such as contributed to her growth; and she was grateful for the kindness shown to her by the excellent people of that pioneer town. Again and again in her diary we find expressions of gratitude for the sympathy and goodness of those about her. So we can understand that it was not, after all, without regret that finally

Miss Bacon abandoned this sphere of endeavor for the higher and broader one to which her sense of duty seemed to summon her.

It was in 1848 that Miss Bacon removed to St. Louis. During a preliminary visit she had made the acquaintance of David Keith, Esq., of the business firm of Keith & Woods, and a member of the school board. This gentleman had formerly lived in Warren, Mass.; and as an old townsman of her father's, it was natural that to Mr. Keith should have been confided Miss Bacon's willingness, if not her desire, to become an instructor in the St. Louis schools. It seems that just at this time an examination of teachers was being held; and at the suggestion of Mr. Keith, Miss Bacon participated in this examination, and acquitted herself with conspicuous success. It appears that one of the committee of examination was Charles Stewart, principal of the business college, and a mathematician of exceptional proficiency. It chanced that he was particularly expert in cancellation; and he became at once a loyal friend to Miss Bacon when he discovered that

in the elucidation of the problems submitted to her, she, too, was proficient in the processes of cancellation. The young lady's examination resulted, in fact, so brilliantly that it was noised about; and there came to her an opportunity to connect herself with one of the private academies in St. Louis. But her duty seemed to lie elsewhere; and in the resolution she had made, she was confirmed by the advice of such eminent educators as Edward Wyman and William G. Eliot, these gentlemen being at that time members of the Board of Education in St. Louis.

I cannot forbear narrating (as indicative of the sectional prejudice then existing) that among the St. Louis people there obtained at that time a feeling hostile to the employment of so many teachers from Yankee land. Miss Bacon, having registered from Iowa, afforded this element an apparently excellent illustration wherewith to clinch their argument. "If the Iowa teachers pass the best examinations," said they, "why not employ Iowa and other Western teachers, instead of importing Yankees?"

Bidding adieu to her beloved friends in Fort Madison, Miss Bacon located in St. Louis, in the service of the public schools. At that time Spencer Smith was superintendent of the public schools; and his wife, a graduate from Mrs. Emma Willard's Female Institution, at Troy, conducted a seminary for young women in St. Louis. Mr. Smith, who seems to have had an eye to his wife's interests, as well as his own, was not long in finding out that Miss Bacon was particularly qualified for the duties of an instructor in Mrs. Smith's seminary. Accordingly, in due time it was suggested that Miss Bacon accept a place among the corps of teachers in the seminary. It was some time before Miss Bacon could be induced to make the change; she had been so kindly treated by the school board that she felt that her duty first lay with them. At this juncture, however, Dr. Wyman used his persuasive offices so effectively with the board that the proposition involving Miss Bacon's transfer to Mrs. Smith's seminary for young women was acceded to; and Miss Bacon remained as an

instructor in this seminary for a space of three years. Meantime, she made the acquaintance of Melvin L. Gray, the young man whom she had declined to meet upon the occasion of her first arrival in St. Louis, *en route* to Iowa. He was by birth and education a Vermonter; after a period of teaching in Alabama he had located in St. Louis, in the practice of law. Between the young teacher and the young attorney there were naturally many bonds of sympathy, both having come of New England stock and New England tutelage to work out their destinies in the new and growing West.

Miss Bacon and Mr. Gray were united in marriage Sept. 4, 1851, the Rev. Dr. Edgar H. Gray, of Shelburne Falls, officiating on that occasion. The wedding was solemnized at Mr. Bacon's house, in Warren, in the presence of a large company of relatives and neighbors. One of the surviving legends of that auspicious event records the jocose remark of the village wit to the effect that this was the first time that he had ever seen a young woman turn gray in a moment.

For forty-two years the man and wife enjoyed together a life of uninterrupted happiness. Death only could separate the two loving, loyal hearts; and that separation is but for a little while, — none believes this more implicitly than does my bereaved, beloved friend, who sits beside me while I write these words.

III.

My acquaintance with Mrs. Gray began in 1871. I was at that time just coming of age, and there were many reasons why I was attracted to the home over which this admirable lady presided. In the first place, Mrs. Gray's household was a counterpart of the households to which my boyhood life in New England had attached me. Again, both Mr. and Mrs. Gray were old friends of my parents; and upon Mr. Gray's accepting the executorship of my father's estate, Mrs. Gray felt, I am pleased to believe, somewhat more than a friendly interest in the two boys, who, coming from rural New England life into the great,

strange, fascinating city, stood in need of disinterested friendship and prudent counsel. I speak for my brother and myself when I say that for the period of twenty years we found in Mrs. Gray a friend as indulgent, as forbearing, as sympathetic, as kindly suggestive, and as disinterested as a mother, and in her home, a refuge from temptation, care, and vexation. Remembering these things, it is pleasant to testify to our love and gratitude to this lady.

Mrs. Gray exhibited through all her life a fondness for youth; and she seemed to read and understand the different types of youthful character with amazing directness and certainty. It must have been a sorrow to her that she was denied the sacred sweets of maternity, for she was a womanly woman, and she loved little children. But no word of complaint ever fell from her lips at the dispensations of Providence; God's will was sufficient, and pleased her; and even in the later years of her life, when ill health with its countless vexations fell to her lot, there were exhibited in all she did and said the patience and humility of a valorous soul.

At one period of her life the care of an orphan girl — a little one of five years of age — devolved upon her; and to the duties of a foster-mother she devoted herself with tenderness and zeal. Great was her grief when presently the child died. At another time a tiny babe was left at the door of Mrs. Gray's house. A note pinned to the clothing of the foundling conveyed the message that the mother of the child was sure that her babe would have tender care at Mrs. Gray's hands. Making no inquiry or investigation as to the antecedents of the little one, Mrs. Gray cheerfully accepted the trust put upon her, and with all the devotion of her motherly nature she cared for that little one, and mourned it deeply when God called the innocent to His better love. I hardly know why I speak of these things, — perhaps it were better that they were unsaid; yet she was so much of a mother to me that these other instances of her tender sympathy impress me vividly with their pathetic beauty. Youth loved this gentle lady, believed in her, and confided in her. And

upon her part, she respected and sympathized with youth, sharing its enthusiasms, encouraging its healthful ambitions, and befriending it with her companionship and with her example. So it was that she was able to retain to the end of her life that freshness, cheerfulness, and gayety of disposition which enlivened her home life, and gave a special charm to all her relations with her fellow-creatures.

Mrs. Gray had unusual executive ability; this gift came to her, I think, as an inheritance from her mother, a woman of extraordinary distinctiveness and force of character. The inheritance, if such it was, was scrupulously nurtured and trained, for Mrs. Gray believed it to be a woman's duty to improve her opportunities in such wise as to be able, if circumstances so compelled her, to make her own way honorably in the world, and to achieve and maintain a position of credit, if not of distinction. To the discharge of her domestic duties she applied herself with the most patient conscientiousness, observing with the most painstaking care the minutest details thereof.

She was exactingly methodical, yet all her relations with those in her service were marked with thoughtfulness and forbearance. Her servants were devotedly attached to her. All who have visited the comfortable, hospitable home in Pine Street will recall the colored woman, Eliza, who came from servitude to find a life-long friend in Mrs. Gray. When, after many years of faithful, efficient service, Eliza lay upon her death-bed, her last words expressed a wish for the presence of the dear lady who had been her best friend upon earth. Eliza's children remained with Mrs. Gray, and at her death were substantially remembered in and cared for by her will. A gentle, kindly regard for all who wrought was a conspicuous characteristic of Mrs. Gray's; she always had help for those who helped themselves. In earlier life she knew the hardships of poverty; and when prosperity came, she did not abandon the practices of prudence and self-denial acquired in youth. She was always generous, never extravagant; invariably liberal, never wasteful; she had the good old New England

notion that her prosperity should be shared with others, but always justly and prudently. By careful and wise investments, she had accumulated a property that might have increased threefold but for her determination to devote a certain share of her income to charity; and these benefactions were always bestowed quietly to the degree of secrecy. The worthy poor, the sick, the needy, the unfortunate of every class and race, had succor at her hands; yet it can truthfully be said that her charities were so modestly dispensed that her left hand knew not what her right hand gave.

Mrs. Gray's intellectual growth continued throughout her life. She was an extensive reader and investigator. She explored the fields of literature with enthusiasm; and once comprehended, no subject eluded the retention of her memory. A singular clearness, directness, and sensibility marked her judgment of theories and things and practices; and although critical to a degree, Mrs. Gray had charity to all things human. Her information was exact; and so when she spoke or acted, it was intelli-

gent. She loved the beautiful things of life; she found enjoyment in the contemplation of Nature and in communion with flowers and ferns and plants and trees and birds and brooks; she revered art; and music was a solace to her. In the beauty of Nature and in the beauty of human accomplishments, she saw manifested the goodness of God; and she loved these things.

In all matters pertaining to education she was always deeply interested; and it is with peculiar appropriateness that Mr. Gray has founded a professorship in Drury College in memory of his beloved wife.

Of Mrs. Gray's association with church work, Miss Mathews speaks so fully, so intelligently, and so sympathetically that words of mine thereof would be superfluous. But I cannot forbear referring to the cordiality of the friendship which existed for very many years between Mrs. Gray and her pastor, the Rev. Dr. Truman M. Post. The death of this gifted, noble man was mourned by none other more deeply than by Mrs. Gray; and it was largely due to her

inspiration and her benefaction that the Post Memorial Library, at Monticello Seminary, was endowed.

IV.

But it seems to me that the sweetest, holiest light of this dear lady's life arose from her devotion to her mother. I speak of this with special reverence, for my own dear mother went from me so very many years ago that when I came to speak of the blessedness of a mother's love, I hardly know whereof I speak, it is all so far, so very far away, and withal so precious, so sacred a thing.

For thirty-two years Mrs. Bacon was a member of her daughter's household. It pleased God to afflict her with blindness; and for nineteen years her daughter's gentle hand led her to and fro. The sympathy between the two was perfect and beautiful; and when at last the hour of separation came, it was as if the light had gone out, too, in the life of the faithful daughter. There was never a murmur of complaint; and those who were with her then

tell me that dear Mrs. Gray seemed to be stricken of a sudden as with a killing wound. And when I saw her again, I, too, saw the change; and against the yearning of my heart (for she was always so gentle and good to me), I knew that she heard a beloved voice calling to her from beyond the River, and that she was not unwilling to go in answer to its summons.

She fell asleep one time last summer, a gradual failing, a sinking away, — that was all. Those nearest and dearest to her stood round about her as the last night wore away. He who had been upheld and cheered and solaced and blessed by her love for nigh half a century, bent over her and took her dear hand and spoke to her. It was for the last time. They saw upon her glorified face no shadow of the Valley, but the shining light of the Eternal City. And through the windows streamed the summer sunshine; and it was Morning!

EXTRACT FROM THE PAPER

OF

MISS MARTHA H. MATHEWS,

READ BEFORE THE WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, ST. LOUIS.

WE of the First Church meet to-day under the shadow of a deep and personal grief in the loss of MRS. M. L. GRAY, for many years — indeed, from its origin — the Secretary and Treasurer of our Society. While we were absent one from another during the summer months, there came the "one clear call" for her, and "she has met her Pilot face to face."

In her fresh young womanhood, MRS. GRAY, then RUTH C. BACON, came to St. Louis, a pioneer teacher from Massachusetts, — one of a band of young women selected and prepared for the work by the famous Catherine Beecher. Endowed with the best New England qualities softened by innate gentleness, a fine mind

trained in the best schools of the day, a love for "the sweet serenity of books," and possessed of noble purposes and a high courage, it was only natural that she should attract to herself as friends the honored men and women of the time, and find doors to desirable positions immediately opening to her.

As teacher, her influence was an inspiration to the highest attainments in intellectuality, culture, and character. Many of the best women in St. Louis, and some outside, who have gained large and enviable reputations, gratefully acknowledge their indebtedness to her for many of the highest formative influences of their lives. Later, in her own home, while forgetting none of the duties of a loving and devoted wife, she yet found it possible, during twenty years, to be eyes to her blind mother, caring for her with the wisest and gentlest of filial ministrations. We know, too, that her home had the genuine home atmosphere, where love grew and blossomed, and friendships were cherished, and the graces

of hospitality and charity lent their charm, and a broad and sincere religion sent up its incense; a home — would there were more like it! — suggestive of the beatitudes, and breathing a benediction.

But here to-day we remember, specially and thankfully, that no one home, or city, or country, could bound her interests; but that they extended also to dark corners of the earth where true homes are not. She had taken into her heart her Saviour's words: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." Toward them her sympathies turned before the days of women's organized work in their behalf. In 1870 there were no Women's Foreign Missionary Societies of the Congregational Church in this city, nor in this State. But in 1871 the first Society in Missouri was formed, through the earnestness and activity of Mrs. Dr. Post of the First Church. It was composed of ladies of the various churches in the city, and Mrs.

Gray was one of its charter members. The meetings were held monthly, in a little room no longer in existence, in the old First Church. This Society was very dear to the heart of Mrs. Gray; and she felt specially privileged years after, when visiting the Congregational Bible House in Boston, to hear Mrs. Bowker, the President of the parent Society there, speak with great appreciation of the Missouri Branch and its President, Mrs. Post. Mrs. Bowker said: "From none of the early societies did we gain more encouragement than from yours; yours seemed to have begun an earnest and prosperous work. It was cheering to greet your Society, that came to us from beyond the Mississippi, and from an old slave State."

In 1884 it was considered desirable, for greater efficiency and the development of personal responsibility and love for the cause, that each church should have its own organization. Accordingly, in January of '84 our own Society of the First Church was formed, so ably officered with Mrs. Dr. Merrill, Presi-

dent, Mrs. Young, Vice-President, and Mrs. Gray, Secretary and Treasurer. Ever since that time Mrs. Gray has been not only an intelligent, interested, and faithful member of this Society, but a valued, and we have often thought, an indispensable officer. Not until a year ago could the Society bring itself to accept her resignation as Secretary, and then only in consideration of her failing health. After a few months she found it necessary to resign her Treasurer's book also. This was a model one, kept through all these years with the greatest accuracy and beauty of neatness. Her Secretary's book shows not only these characteristics, but evidences also fine literary quality, delicacy of taste, and rare beauty of soul.

Nothing but delicate health and failing strength ever detained Mrs. Gray from the regular meetings of the Society. We who have known her of late years cannot forget how often her courageous spirit braved summer heat and winter storm to be present. I specially remember how her interest in the

meetings led her to somewhat overtax her strength in attending the Silver Anniversary and the Annual State Meeting of last season.

In her connection with missionary work — as, indeed, everywhere — there were manifest a modesty and humility that gave all she did or said a double worth. That these were fundamental elements of her character even in youth is shown by her diary, written for no eye but her own, and dating back to 1845. In it she repeatedly and gratefully acknowledges that whatever measure of success was hers at any time was due not at all to her own merit, but to the strength given her by her loving Heavenly Father.

A sweet presence has gone from among us, a rare and ripe character that had mastered the lessons of this life, and was matured for those grander things which God has prepared for them that love him, — things that our eyes have not seen, nor our ears heard, nor our hearts entertained, but which have become realities to her.

It is for us, who have enjoyed this companionship in work and friendship, who are the inheritors of sweet memories and a noble example, to profit thereby, and be the better in that "Such as she have lived and died."

TRIBUTE BY MRS. DIANA PIKE.

From "The Congregationalist" of Oct. 5, 1893.

RUTH C. BACON GRAY, wife of Melvin L. Gray, Esq., of St. Louis, Mo., and daughter of the late Rufus F. and Emeline Cutler Bacon, of Warren, Mass., died July 6.

Mrs. Gray was born in Enfield, Mass., October, 1828. She was a beautiful, loving, and intelligent child, the joy of her parents, beloved by relatives and friends. Her parents moved to Warren in 1835, where they resided quite a term of years, and where she acquired her education. She graduated from Warren Academy with high honors in early girlhood; she followed school-teaching a short term of years. She afterward went to St. Louis to teach in a seminary, where she taught a number of years, and where she became acquainted with and married Mr. Gray. She

was a devoted daughter and wife, ministering to the comfort and happiness of parent and husband with assiduous care and devotion. She was for many years an active and efficient member of society, till failing health interrupted her faithful efforts. Her kindness and hospitality to her relatives and friends will be long remembered by them. She passed to her rest above after a brief illness, to be forever with Him whom she early sought, and whose cause she maintained so many years. She left a most devoted and affectionate husband and a large circle of friends to mourn her loss.

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